

# The Wasteland

## Los Diablos

Said the party to the ad-man  
We'll conjure up a gimmick  
The way to lead an ass  
Is with a carrot and a stick  
Dig down for minorities  
Promise them concessions  
Ride in on their backs  
And then teach them all a lesson  
Unemployment means depression  
You're just victims of the recession  
We can count on their support  
If we can channel their emotions  
Populate the wasteland  
Between leisure and the grave  
Work and pray and place your vote  
And some day you'll be saved  
All these myths come tailor-made  
To suit the company director  
Myths that praise the dignity  
Of cheap, disposable labor  
Two different routes  
To an industrial heaven  
Work for boss and parliament  
And all will be forgiven  
It's the fear of being sacked  
That lets the boss step up the pace  
Because the minute you step out of line  
There's someone took your place  
Populate the wasteland  
Between leisure and the grave  
Work and pray and place your vote  
And some day you'll be saved  
Said the MP to the media  
Can't we juggle this around  
Sprinkle sugar on the dog shit  
And we'll keep the figures down  
Never let the left hand  
See what's in the right  
No-one's any wiser

And the problem's out of sight  
Take your democratic choice  
Take a scheme or starve  
Job clubs, restart, YTS, CPs, EAS  
Company profits doubled  
Wages chopped in half  
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Offer your life to the one true church  
In the name of the conservative party  
The labor party and the liberal alliance  
The promised land where banks outnumber churches  
And your cars shall be martyrs to the cause  
Capitalism in crisis  
But on the third day it shall rise again  
But on the third day it shall rise

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